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## SAXON WORDS.

BY MRS. CHARLES YINSEY.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round as  
The days when daily paths and dreams with music all your  
own;  
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance  
brings  
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.  
Yours are the hills, the fields, the woods, the orchards, and the  
dew;  
The meadows and the forests that bask in the sun's rejoicing  
beams;  
Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's  
thoughts were reared,  
And by your household tones its joys were evermore endeared.  
We have roamed, since then, where the marble blossomed in its  
glaze unclouded realms—  
Where our hearts returned with childhood's love to the leaves old  
Saxon dwelt;  
But we passed with pride to the later fate of the sturdy Saxons  
old.  
We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian  
plains,  
And our souls have thrilled to the loveliness of the lovely  
Grecian fane;  
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its classic  
memories crowned—  
But these touched us not as the mouldering wall with the  
Saxon cry loud.  
Old Saxon words, old Saxon words!—they bear us back with  
pride  
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of him  
that died;  
When in one spirit, truly good and truly great, was shown  
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him  
alone.  
There are tongues of other lands that flow with a smoother,  
softer grace,  
But the rough old Saxon words will keep in our hearts their  
own true place;  
Our household hearts, our household graves, our household  
sins and tears,  
Are guarded, hallowed, shrouded by them—the kind, fast  
friends of years.  
Old Saxon words, old Saxon words!—your spells are round  
as shown,  
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your  
own;  
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance  
brings  
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

From the New York Evangelist.

## COWPER AND BYRON CONTRASTED.

What a strange thing is poetry! What a mystery the human mind! What a paradox the inspiration of genius! Could two such men belong to the same kingdom of mind? Was the imagination the same faculty in both? Yes, the substratum was the same; the superstructure how different? Both were Englishmen, a proud name to bear, even in this intellectual age, for the shadow of England's power lies over the earth; not only of her military power, her vast political influence, and her scientific fame, but her poetry has filled the world with her impulses. The English muse has an empire of her own, and noble ministers have sustained her queen by pre-rogative; she has a temple of splendid proportions, and priests of immortal name have officiated in its courts. A long line of illustrious men rises before us, and we are almost overpowered by the majesty of their presence. Still they are men like ourselves; of like passions, if not of like endowments. There, indeed, is the mighty difference; the "vision and faculty divine," is decreed by heaven to one only among millions; the elect sons and daughters of genius and imagination are indeed few in number. This itself is one of the elements of their high distinction, like that which is conferred on those superior orks of heaven, which stand out in their brightness amid the multitude of kindred worlds that adorn the firmament.

Cowper and Byron are among the princes, yet how different! Incredible that they belonged to the same nation—the same species! But the friends of hell were once angelic spirits. And man, that was "made a little lower than the angels," in the wondrous progress of redemption he does not rise above them, sinks irremediably below them.

"With kindness rain and consolation, down  
To bottomless pain, there to dwell  
In delirious chains, and penitence,  
Who desert the Omnipotent to arms."

The genius of Byron was eccentric and glaring, like the comet. That of Cowper was regular, rich, glowing with a benignant light, and obedient to a high and holy law. Was there not a fundamental influence at the basis of the moral being of each of these poets? Under what impulses did they start in life? Ah, they had different mothers; the one calm, affectionate, devoted to her child, and dedicating him to God; the other proud, imperious, passionate, and prayerless; the one blessing her William, the other cursing her George Gordon. And thus was the child "father to the man." Never did Byron write thus, with the image of his mother before him.

"Thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that lit in childhood's solaced me."  
But Cowper loved to dwell on the memory of the one who bore him, dressed him "in scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap," as he tells us; "who paid her 'nightly visits' to his chamber, gave him his 'morning bounties,' fitted him off for school, bestowing the 'fragrant waters' on his little cheeks with her own dear hands, till 'fresh they shone and glowed'—all these little acts suggested by maternal tenderness, endeared his mother to him.

"And this, still legible in memory's page,  
Add still to be so to my latest age,  
Add joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may."

But Byron, destitute of domestic associations, walked abroad among pirates, infidels, libertines, and all lawless beings, until the very influences of such a communion reacted on his imagination, and a baleful energy, imparting to it a kind of deadly inspiration, as fatal to the peace and health of his own soul, as it was destructive to that of others. "A noble mind he had, a fertile fancy, lofty powers of conception, a graceful yet vigorous versification, a diction of easy and natural strength, glowing at all times with the fiery impress of a burning sensibility," at other times darkened all over with the gloom of a comfortless skepticism, reminding us of a beautiful stream winding its way through a channel overhung by shapeless rocks and interlarded branches of trees that shut out the sun, and cast their sombre shadows into the depths beneath. Byron seems to have gloried in his misanthropic

views of man, the more painfully impressive because drawn by so masterly a pencil. Cowper rejected in philanthropic views; the more delightful because they were the natural effusion of a benevolent mind, refined and exalted by a communion with God and all holy truth. "The one could write, in the sincerity of his soul, 'England, with all thy faults I love thee still,' the other, with equal sincerity, 'England, with all thy faults I hate thee still.' 'I love a good hater,' said a proud cynic among poets, and this was the sum of the second table of his decalogue. The first—what was it? Who shall write the answer? To his vision, as he looked upon the ocean, and in the spirit of apostrophe said,—

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests!"

images of terror arose, not to awe and subdue the soul into a trembling humility, but to serve as mere responses to the grandeur of his own imagination. The image of eternity awakened in him wholesome thoughts of that dread retribution which awaits the moral agency of man, and especially that man on whom the splendid endowments of creative genius were conferred with so liberal a hand.

Byron wrote, chiefly to gratify himself. Cowper, to gratify others. Through the principal works of the former there is a perpetual impersonation of himself, whoever he the character, whether Childe Harold, Conrad, Manfred, or Don Juan, and whatever he the plan or the train of events. Through those of the latter we perceive a continually objective strain, in which the forms of truth, beauty, goodness, and all kindred things are pictured forth for their own sake, or in their connection with the spirit of humanity, their coincidence with nature, or their subservience to the glory of God. Not even that deep and despairing melancholy which brooded over the mind of Cowper, could alienate his unfaltering trust in God, or dim the lustre of his cheerful page. How different from this, the gloomy, scornful imaginings of the coroneted bard! What violence must he have done to his own exquisite sense of beauty! Chariot sat sweetly on the timid brow of the one—defiance gleamed incessantly from that of the other. There was a severity in the gentleness of Byron. The one lived to smile—the other to sneer. The former was a model of purity—the latter a pattern of uncleanness. Cowper dwelt in the calm faith of the gospel; Byron—but let us drop the mantle of silence over the doom of the troubled spirit, that is sealed up to its eternal destiny.

J. N. D.

For the Herald and Journal.

## OFF THE TRACK.

While a student in college, I was accustomed to preach occasionally at S. H. One evening, when in the midst of a sermon, from Luke 19, 10, I was embarrassed by the presence of a number of my fellow students. My embarrassment immediately ran me off the track of my discourse, which, being an allegorical one, it was impossible for me to regain. My mind, however, fastened upon one figure, and I indulged in lengthened exhortation to backsliders, while I represented the good Shepherd, as baring his head to the tempest, and going out on the mountains of transgression, and calling home the wandering lamb.

The week ensuing, I attended a prayer meeting in the same village. There, before the meeting was opened, a young lady, who had attracted our attention by her sighs and tears, asked permission to speak of her feelings. She was once happy in the sight of God, and even then was a member of a Christian church. But for many months she had known only the pleasures of the world, and had been careless of her eternal interests. But happening in the meeting on Sunday evening, she said, she thought all the sermon was addressed to her, especially the exhortation with which it concluded. And when I learned, as I subsequently did, that she made such clear application of the exhortation, as to charge her sister, who was acquainted with me, with having in formed me of her backslidden state, I was not sorry for those circumstances, entirely beyond my control, which run me off the track. E.

## CONSOLATION OF THE BEREAVED PARENT.

To have borne and matured children for the skies; to have seen them, during their state of tutelage, accounted worthy to be transplanted there; what consoling, what triumphant reflections are these to a bereaved parent! There he no longer enjoys the solace of their company. Their seat is vacant at his table; it is vacant at the fireside; it is vacant at the altar. A thousand afflictive incidents remind him they are gone. But, as often as this saddening thought recurs, it is softened and transformed by the cheering recollection that because they are gone to glory, the pang of separation is forgotten, and the full heart, almost disburdened of its sorrow, responds to the song of holy resignation:

"Why should we mourn departed friends,  
Or start at death's alarms?  
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms."

Delightful idea! Supported by this, I have seen the parents of a much endeared child sitting with composure beside his bed of death. They were parents familiarized with sorrow. Once they had been blessed with an ample fortune, and a numerous offspring. But the hand of God had been upon them. Stripped of the one, and bereaved of the other, they were left in the decline of life, naked and defenceless, like the trunk of an aged oak, whose leaves and branches have been swept away by pitiless storms that have beat upon it. One little son, the child of their old age, alone remained to them. His brethren and sisters were dead, and in his life the life of his parents were bound up. Hitherto they had considered this son as a special gift of Providence, granted to solace their sorrows in age, to minister to their wants in death, and afterwards to preserve their name and become their memorial among the living. He was indeed a lovely child; and what rendered him the more so, in the eyes of his godly parents, was that he also feared God. Often, as he hung upon his mother's arm, or clambered upon his father's knee, and stroking back his gray hairs, he would inquire of them so earnestly about death, and talk to them so sweetly about heaven and Jesus, that their hearts were overcome, and their lips had not the power of utterance.

Thus did the child increase in wisdom as he increased in stature; till one day, like the child of the Shunammite, he cried out, *My head! My head!* Like that child, too, he was carried from the field into his mother. But, alas! no prophet of Israel was nigh. No swift Gehazi ran from Carmel to lay the staff of the holy seer upon the face of the child. It was indeed a sickness unto

death. His soul, however, was resigned; his faith in the promise immovable. "Do not grieve thus," said he to his aged parents, as they watched the changes of his countenance, and in pensive silence bedewed his pillow with tears; "God will take care of you, and he will take care of me. My body will be laid in the grave, where the body of my Savior was laid. My soul will fly up to heaven, where I shall see my brothers and sisters, and Jesus Christ, and the angels who attend him. Have you not often told me that he will bid them welcome to his arms in heaven." Thus early ripe for glory, this dear child, with out a murmur and without a groan, drew his last breath, and fell asleep in Jesus. I saw, indeed, that his parents wept; but their tears were tears of joy. Happy, thrice happy parents, called to commit such precious dust unto the sepulchre, and to resign a spirit, thus ripe for glory unto God who gave it.—Dr. Nott.

## MILTON'S HOUSE IN LONDON.

This memorable dwelling is yet standing. It no longer opens in St. James's Park. The ancient front is now the back, and overlooks the fine old, but house-surrounded garden of Jeremy Bentham. Near the top of this ancient front is a stone, bearing the inscription, "Sacred to Milton, the prince of poets." This was placed there by no less distinguished a man than William Hazlitt, who rented the house some years, purely because it was Milton's. Bentham, when he was conducting people round his garden, which is now in the occupation of Mr. Gibb, the engineer, used to make them sometimes go down upon their knees to this house. The house is tall and narrow, and has nothing striking about it. No doubt when it opened into St. James's Park, it was pleasant. Now it fronts York street, which runs in a direct line from the west end of Westminster Abbey. It is No. 19, and is occupied by a cutter. The back, its former front, is closed in by a wall, leaving but a very narrow court; but above this wall, as already said, looks into the pleasant garden of the late venerable philosopher.—W. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.

## A FOREST FUNERAL.

We had one long and weary, and somewhat unsuccessful, expedition last fall. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin on Saturday, so that we might attend church there—or rather hear preaching, in a log school-house, from a clergyman who once a month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and we were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable frame house of Col. —, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The school house in which services were to be, is beautifully situated, in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river bends and runs rapidly, with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice of a river is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above it is wild, and rages, as if angry with the rocks it meets, and its voice is like the voice of a roused warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little "oak school-house," as it is called, and would seem to linger, as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night, that a messenger came to Col. —, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler, some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. — awoke me, and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines, which I always carry in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in the eddy, and seizing a pole, flattened at one end for a paddle, Col. — pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down. I have described so many night scenes that I forbear giving you this. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids. "She is a strange man," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often and she seems gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired; and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently. The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books, and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on a bench near the small window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl lay was soft as the covering of a dyer's quern. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice: "Father, I am cold; lie down beside me!"—and the old man laid down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "Doth the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?" "I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?" "I hear them, father; as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time, as they call me. Her voice, too, father,—O, I hear it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?" "She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God."

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler arrived soon after, and then the Colonel's excellent lady, and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the eastern hills before we reached the school-house again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was in the enclosure where two of Col. —'s children lie, a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardly men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her. I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left it—for I have always had an idea that a graveyard was the nearest place to heaven on this earth; and with old Sir Thomas Browne, I love to see a church in a graveyard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.—Journal of Commerce.

## A SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.

The Christian Observer of Calcutta gives a notice of a singular race of people, called the Cathies, who inhabit a part of Guzerat. They are worshippers of the sun, as are the adoring Parsees.

These people are supposed by some to be the ancient Cathies, who, in the time of Alexander's invasion, occupied a portion of the Punjab, near the confluence of the five rivers. Among the Cathies there is no distinction of caste. Besides priests, they have an official class of persons called bards, who possess authority almost equal to that of the Druids. They become security for the payment of debts, the conduct of individuals whom have misbehaved and the appearance of persons in pending actions, either civil or criminal. On the same terms they conduct travellers and caravans through districts infested with robbers, or in a state of war.

If a troop of predatory horsemen, the hard commands them to retire, and brandishing his dagger, takes a solemn oath that if they plunder the persons under his protection, he will stab himself to the heart, and bring upon their heads the guilt of shedding his blood. Such is the veneration in which he is held, as a person of celestial origin, and such is the horror at being the cause of his death, that the threat in almost every instance deters them from making the meditated attack, and the party is allowed to pass on unmolested. The religion of these people consists of little else than an adoration of the sun. They invoke this object of their worship before commencing any great undertaking, and if a plundering expedition be successful, a portion of the money stolen is consecrated to the service of religion. The only functions of the priests are to celebrate marriages and funeral solemnities. They have but one sacred building—a temple, situated near Thaum, dedicated to the Sun—and containing an image of the luminary. The size of the Cathies is about the average, often exceeding six feet. The women are tall, and often handsome; generally speaking, modest and faithful to their lords. The Cathies have no religious of any sort regarding food or drink."

## ANECDOTE OF DR. HARRIS.

The late Dr. Harris of Danbury, walking out one day in one of the large villages of a neighboring State, met one of the champions of Universalism. In was General P—, the leader and main supporter of the large Universalist society, which had for many years existed in that place. He was a high-minded man, quite wealthy, and very influential—having a good deal of general argument—which last he did not hesitate to use whenever and wherever opportunities were presented. He and Dr. Harris were personally strangers, but knowing something of each other by reputation, they readily introduced themselves. The General very soon lifted up his standard, then commenced their war of words—not doubting that though he might fail to convince his opponent, he should at least show him that he was no ordinary combatant, but knew well of what ground he stood, and how to wield the sword of sectarian warfare to good advantage. The doctor heard him through, then calmly turned to him and said, "General P—, it is of no use for us to contend. We shall not probably convince each other by arguments ever so protracted. But there is one thing in relation to this matter which deserves consideration. It is this. I can treat your religion as I please. I can turn from it as an utter abomination. I can despise it. I can spit on it, and trample it under my feet—and yet after all I shall be saved—shan't I, General P—?" The General, of course, was obliged to assent, or give up the doctrine. There was no room for evasion. "But," added the Doctor, while the General was writhing at the contempt thus thrown upon his gods, "it will not do for you to treat my religion as you do. If you do, you are a lost man!" This was enough—nothing more was said.

## THE TOLL GATE.

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing, is in some respects, like a turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few, of all the host of travellers, who do not occasionally stop a little at some one or another of them, and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety, as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different watering places.

Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls at the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates; the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the roads that way are none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road, in the outset; she tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands; but she takes without mercy; like an awful robber, she allows till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off, a miserable object, into the very worst and most rugged road of all.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He is the very worst toll gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet in the road, ragged, and ruined in fame and fortune, are his victims. And so I might go on enumerating many other

ers who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through, at least, tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of those places. The plain, common sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with. We are all apt to do a good deal as our companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. Ten chances to one, then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage; to mark the good or evil that is produced by every course of life—see how those who do well manage, and trace the cause of evil to its origin in conduct. Thus you will make yourself master of all the information most necessary to regulate your own conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you only know how; by those means you know.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to a second nature. Good habits I speak of. Bad ones are more easily acquired; they are the spontaneous weeds that flourish rapidly and rankly, without care or culture.

## THE SWISS AND GERMANS.

It is said that in the seventeenth century, drunkenness was regarded in so odious a light in Spain, that if an individual unjustly accused another of being intoxicated, nothing short of the offender's life was deemed a sufficient expiation for the offence. A man who was once proved to have been drunk, was for life incapacitated for appearing as a witness in a court of justice. The Swiss, also, as a nation, were, and are, we believe, extremely temperate, and wherever they go, carry with them an enviable reputation for sobriety. Thousands of this truly exemplary people are settled in the West, and the number is annually augmenting, as fresh accessions are continually arriving from "faderland"—the vine-hung hills and sweet valleys of the Alps. The Germans too, are pouring in—a people like the Swiss, whom we may well be proud, and who bring with them, to their new home, not only much wealth, but an extensive and accurate knowledge of agriculture, both theoretical and practical.

## THE DANGER OF BEAUTY.

Every one understands what it is to be born a Beauty,—although some weeks, nay, months, must elapse, before even to the fondest eye and most sanguine heart the little vixen we thing, red-faced, bald-headed, flat-nosed, and old-looking, can give any great promise of the charms that are to enchant the world. Still, undisciplined and undisciplined, the germ is there. The most fatal and fascinating of gifts is enclosed within that little bud. It will expand into a matchless flower, if born a beauty; if not, it may be to outward view, an unsightly weed; but whatever its outward form, it belongs to a heart and mind, a soul; and therefore, however nurses may triumph, parents rejoice, and friends congratulate, we pronounce it a fearful thing to be born a beauty, if, as too generally the case, that circumstance leads to being bred a beauty too. What is it, then, to be bred a beauty? Is it not to be set apart, from the cradle, as a priestess of vanity?—to be taught betimes to dwell and ponder on those charms all female education should induce their possessor to forget? Are not the advantages of a face and form of surpassing loveliness marred, and that frequently, by the follies of those around?—ruined by those sad and repelling drawbacks, frivolity, egotism, and self-worship? Alas! alas, among the host of single women, whom the course world so hastily term "old maids," how many owe their fate to that great but unsuspected enemy, beauty! What a wonder she never married! In that common remark, cause and effect go hand in hand. She was a beauty—she knew it—how could she but know what she had heard from her cradle?—what was repeated before she knew the meaning of the words?—repeated with many a hug and caress, by the proud and silly mother,—echoed by the silver father,—broadly asserted by the nursery-maid, with every new bit of finery,—insinuated into the little head with the first plump stuck into the white beaver hat, and conveyed to the little head with the first gaudy sash and glittering necklace. Yes, that sad, subdued, and disappointed "old maid," with what the French call, "des beaux restes," with such five features, such an air of command, and yet such a look of desolation, but for her once brilliant beauty she might now be a fond and cherished wife, living her own youth over again in her daughter's modest charms, and her son's manly virtues and attainments. There is nothing so unlovely as a woman bred a beauty. No homage suffices—no conquests content her. She cannot love, of course, that cannot long be loved. They may enthrall the senses, for a time, but the heart they so easily win they as easily lose.—Home Journal.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR THE EMIGRANTS?

A highly respectable daily journal, speaking of the emigration from Europe, says, "From engagements already made by our shippers, and other circumstances, there is reason to believe that the number arriving at this port alone, (New York), during the year 1847, will reach 150,000, if not 200,000."

The time has fully arrived when Christian philanthropy must grapple with the question, "What shall we do with the surplus pauper population of the Old World, cast upon our shores?" Political economists may look at the matter from their standpoint, and work out the problem as to the influence on the temporal condition of our country, weighed down by such an incubus; but the Christian will take a far different view. He sees in each living being an heir of immortality; and, while he is not forgetful of the temporal wants of the pauper, and is watching with a jealous eye the institutions of his fathers, he feels that the surest method of securing temporal prosperity and of preserving our civil institutions, is to promote the intellectual and moral elevation of the emigrant. Ireland once freed for a generation, from a religion of the State and from Papal superstition, and with the incentives from conscience afforded, would have been in far different circumstances to encounter her present dire calamities. Irishmen, thrown on our shores, can only be secure from the wages from which they flee, by the prompt application of means to enlighten and save them. The means for accomplishing this indispensable end, are worthy

of the consideration of the best minds and the efforts of the noblest spirits. We cannot be too prompt, too active, too liberal, in a matter involving the safety of the nation, and the salvation of millions ready to perish.—American Messenger.

## THE ABUSED WIFE, HAPPY.

I was once on a visit to a friend, who requested me to accompany her to see a sick woman, supposed to be near her end. The house was not a cabin, but a mere wreck of a once comfortable dwelling. Every appearance of comfort was absent. The partitions appeared to have been taken down, and the whole house turned into one large room. There was no glass in the windows—but that mattered not, it was summer. Upon entering this desolate place, I saw the sick woman lying on a miserable bed, unable to raise her head from the pillow, and attended only by an aged mother above eighty years of age, and a little daughter about seven or eight. Here, indeed, seemed to be the very picture of wretchedness; and I was told that the brute of a husband generally came home drunk, and never gave her a kind or soothing word. Hear the conclusion!—I verily thought, before I left the house, that this was the happiest woman I ever saw. Her devoted and tender eye was sweetly fixed on heaven. Her countenance was serene, and illumined with a heavenly smile.—Dr. Alexander on Religious Experience.

## DEATH ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

He who dies on the field of battle feels no tear of sorrow falling upon him from the eye of sympathy. The hot life-blood of his heart is the tear that falls upon him. The roar of the cannon is the requiem of his soul. For him no helping hand is near. He dies unknown, and unhelped by any human being, while his voice of agony is prolonged in the groans of those who are unfortunate enough to live a few moments longer. The cold earth or flinty rock is his couch—the first ditch his grave—his knapsack his pillow—his garments of blood his shroud. O what a world of hypocrisy do we live in! when men can weep over one member of Congress, and gloat over the murder of ten thousand of the people. This is an appropriate time, and this an appropriate day to look at such things, and ask "Why will rational men be so inconsistent?" Is not the life of one man as dear in the sight of his friends, and his soul as precious in the eyes of the great Benefactor of mankind, as the life and soul of another man?—and yet these rampant war-men talk of a hundred thousand swords leaping from their scabbards—for what? To be sheathed in the hearts of a hundred thousand breathing, rational-souled men.

## THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.

My fellow-sinner, you peril your everlasting interest for earthly and evanescent pleasures. You play a game that will ruin you for ever. You reserve the choice of Moses, and prefer the pleasures of sin, which are but for a moment to the recompense of an everlasting reward. Your days are closing, and you cannot help it—the sands of life are ebbing, and you cannot arrest them—the sun of your existence upon earth is rapidly setting behind the hills, and the shadows of the grave are rising over and about you, like the birds of night out of eternal snows. With nothing of your wealth or pleasures, with only the memory of a neglected God—a rejected Savior, and missed opportunities, you are nearing the end of your journey upon earth, to knock at the awful gates of the unopened future, and to find there your character and your doom likewise: "Lo! this is the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches." This is the age of worldliness, the hour and power of Mammon. In God's strength dislodge him from your hearts, if he has entrenched himself there. Dispossess him of the spoils of souls. Alty yourselves to Jesus. Lay hold of his strength; seek "unspeakable riches," the "true riches," and you will find that "greater is He that is with you."—Message from God.

## THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.

The late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith to a calm death-bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in the mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and the serenity pervades the whole being; the vision of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, the glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God, the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him; with Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father; and as he dwells with rapture on these envisioned sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gate of Damascus, he is instantly enveloped with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills, in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.—Vermont Chronicle.

## THE CONTRAST.

We know a pastor, who settled a few years ago with a young church, too poor to support him, without help of the missionary convention of the State. He had seen a cordial willingness in the little church, however, to give what they could in the cause of missions; and this was, in his estimation, a sort of bond for the growth of the church. It was his aim to foster this spirit, even if it cost him some sacrifices. A neighboring pastor, who knew all about the poverty of the infant church, said, one day, to his brother pastor, "Your church must keep back what they pay for missions, and let it go towards your salary, for it is more than is paid by any other church in the association." The advice was not deemed good at the time, and certainly nothing has occurred in the subsequent history of the two churches to make it look better. The little church has been growing in liberality and in strength. They have added something every year to their pastor's salary, and have given more than one-fourth of the same sum every year to the missionary cause. The other church which was taught to keep all for the pastor, has been diminishing his salary every year; and now, though worth three or four times as much money, it pays the pastor less than one-half as much as the church which sought a blessing for itself in blessing others.—Macedonian.







BOOK NOTICES.

**LITERARY REGISTER, and Record of Books and Authors.**—Number 2 of this valuable Quarterly has appeared. It is an entertaining number, if not more so than the first. The criticisms of books are cautions and just, and the miscellaneous matter selected with taste. \$1 per annum. *Hanstead, 40 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.*

**THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.**—Mr. Light is making, of his new publication, a work of sterling merit. The original articles are excellent, and the selections worthy companions to them. What a great national good it would be, could the youth of America be imbued with the spirit and aspirations of this little periodical. We commend it to all parents.—\$1.20 per annum.

**A NEW GRAMMAR.**—Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., editor of the United States Gazette, Philadelphia, has issued a new work on English Grammar, which is said to possess peculiar excellencies. It can be found at *Murray & Co.'s, Boston.*

**THE MOTHERS' ASSISTANT AND YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.**—For May, contains a variety of good articles, and a beautiful plate of a scene on the Hudson. \$1 per year. *Wm. C. Brown, 21 Cornhill.*

**THE LIVING AGE.**—Number 158 is an unusually interesting number. The leading article is a capital one, on Dress, from the Quarterly Review. 165 Tremont Street.

No. 21 of CLARKE'S COMMENTARY, has been issued by the Book Rooms, and is on hand at *Biancy & Olin's, 1 Cornhill.* We have lately noticed this edition of the great Wesleyan commentator, and again commend it to our readers.

MRS. JUDSON.

Mrs. Judson, in a letter of Dec. 5th, to the Mothers' Journal, says her health was better than at New York. She states that an Englishman said to her, "Your country women are guilty of suicide—they kill themselves with incessant labor. English ladies live as long as the men."

Mr. J. writes, "I can easily imagine how some persons might look with a sad eye on a residence in India; but to me, as I am no great comfort lover, a new world has opened, and it has awakened all the romance I am apt to sleep years ago. And the romance is all the fresher and more pleasing to me, that I brought none of it from America with me, having looked upon my new home, when there, through the medium of sober and too severe reality."

**SCOTCH EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**—The Edinburgh division of the Alliance has commenced a series of monthly breakfasts, for the promotion of brotherly love among its members. Their first meeting took place last month, and the large apartment was well filled with clergymen and others, of different denominations. The time was occupied with devotional exercises and conversation.

**CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.**—At Beirut, Syria, an American missionary has formed a native Asiatic Society, composed chiefly of young Syrians, who are studying the history and literature of the East, and who are anxiously collecting a library, which is intended to comprise all known Arabic literature.

N. E. CONF. MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Three Rivers, \$45 00	
Dalhousie, 5 10	
Wales, 2 47	
Lancaster, 11 40	
Worcester, 7 65	
Cambridgeport to cont. Rev. J. Clarke letter mem- ber of soc., 2 25	
Worcester, 20 00	
Worcester to cont. Rev. M. P. Webster l. m. p., 25 00	
South Bluff, 5 00	
Wales, 6 00	
Wales-China miss., 7 00	
Wales, 2 00	
Wales-hall, last year, 20 00 of which from H. Hall, cont. Lucy Hall l. m. p., 23 00	
Wales, 5 00	
Wales, 25 57	
Wales, 26 00	
Wales, 87 21	
Wales, 2 87	
Wales, 20 28	
Wales, 52 00	
Wales, 12 00	
Wales, 16 00	
Wales-Warren St., 108 77	
Wales-St. Paul's, 53 00	
Wales, 1 00	
Wales, 4 46	
Wales, 8 61	
Wales, 3 00	
Wales, 12 38	
Wales, 12 30	
Wales, 3 11	
Wales, 3 01	
Wales, 3 47	
Wales, 7 25	
Wales, 9 57	
Wales, 14 50	
Wales, 17 22	
Wales, 54 00	
Wales-Rich and Mrs. Landon l. m. p., 45 00	
Wales, 20 00	
Wales, 2 06	
Wales, 7 21	
Wales, 6 22	
Wales, 1 00	
Wales, 45 33	
Wales, 32 51	
Wales, 75 00	
Wales, 15 00	
Wales, 110 12	
Wales, 215 54	
Wales, 105 00	
Wales, 650 00	
Wales, 70 00	
Wales, 13 00	
Wales, 38 34	
Wales, 140 35	
Wales, 30 00	
Wales, 30 00	
Wales, 30 00	
Wales, 60 00	
Wales, 11 00	
Wales, 9 52	
Wales, 15 70	
Wales, 6 54	
Wales, 12 25	
Wales, 11 32	
Wales, 10 25	
Wales, 10 25	
Wales, 6 00	
Wales, 7 00	
Wales, 94 57	
Wales, 61 00	
Wales, 76 00	
Wales, 87 85	
Wales, 63 12 46	

ANOS BIRNEY, Treasurer.

BIBLE SOCIETY,  
OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

The Committee on the Bible cause beg leave to make the following report. There has been collected for the American Bible Society, during the past year, the sum of \$375 314, from the following places, viz:

	Paid over to Agents	Paid to Com.	Total
Boston—Beane St., \$14 00	\$14 00		\$14 00
Richmond St., 8 00	8 00		8 00
East Boston, 2 50	2 50		2 50
Broadway St., 19 00	19 00		19 00
North Russell St., 12 00	12 00		12 00
Church St., 14 00	14 00		14 00
South Boston, 16 38	16 38		16 38
Cambridge, Ebenezer Church, 2 30	2 30		2 30
Charlestown, 11 08	11 08		11 08
Dorchester, 6 57	6 57		6 57
Worcester, 1 00	1 00		1 00
Newton, Upper Falls, 6 25	6 25		6 25
Waltham, 5 10	5 10		5 10
North Malden, 6 98; from a lit- tle girl, eight years old, to buy a Testament for a heathen, 10 00	7 08	7 08	7 08
Malden Centre, 5 30; from Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, do, do, 11 00,	16 30		16 30
Chelsea, 12 30	12 30		12 30
Lyons—Common, 13 28	13 28		13 28
South St., 6 00	6 00		6 00
Island, 10 25	10 25		10 25
Salem, 2 37	2 37		2 37
Newburyport, 8 64	8 64		8 64
Farmington, 4 76	4 76		4 76
Holliston, 30 00	30 00		30 00
Worcester, 4 34	4 34		4 34
Natick, and Needham, 1 00	1 00		1 00
Marblehead, 2 00	2 00		2 00
Lowell, 7 16	7 16		7 16
Ashburnham, 5 23	5 23		5 23
Wilmington, 9 90	9 90		9 90
Hubbardston, 11 00	11 00		11 00
Prairieville, 5 50	5 50		5 50
Lowell, 1 00	1 00		1 00
Southbridge, 5 42	5 42		5 42
Webster, 5 00	5 00		5 00
Lewiston, 3 10	3 10		3 10
Worcester, 3 00	3 00		3 00
Fitchburg, 4 45	4 45		4 45
H. Brownson, 2 50	2 50		2 50
Worcester, 3 35	3 35		3 35
Uxbridge, 20 72	20 72		20 72
Prescott, 2 42	2 42		2 42
Wilmington, 20 37	20 37		20 37
Cheshire, 2 31	2 31		2 31
Saxtonville, 2 56	2 56		2 56
	\$140 07	\$223 74	\$363 81
		11 90	\$375 71
		\$237 24	

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This concession will greatly facilitate the shipping business to the St. Lawrence. Hitherto, cargo could go to Montreal in American barges, and American ships could go to Quebec; but between the two ports there was a great gulf, which made an expensive transhipment necessary.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

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**Prisoners of War.**—The Mexicans officers, Lieut. Col. Don Juan Maria Mata, Lieut. Ant. Piedras, Hy. Mejial and Barolena Anaula, who, among others, surrendered at the battle of Cerro Gordo, arrived at New Orleans, from Vera Cruz, in charge of Major H. G. Bennett, Paymaster U. S. A., and W. P. Chomata. There were also on board Lieut. W. H. Sanders, 1st Dragoons, and 150 discharged teamsters and volunteers.

**Wonderful Escape.**—A drunken sailor leaped from one of the cars of the Norwich train on Friday, while they were on their way to New York, going at the rate of 30 miles an hour. It was generally supposed by the passengers that he had either been killed or badly wounded, and they were therefore much surprised to see him rise from the ground, wholly unhurt, with the exception of a slight scratch—but perfectly sober.

**Good Effects of the Law.**—We learn from the Lynn (Mass.) News, that John Auger, the true philanthropist, stated at a temperance meeting in Lynn, a few days ago, to show the good effects of the decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the License law, and the good effects of enforcing the law, that there were but eighty commitments for drunkenness, this year, during the same length of time, and at the same season, in which there were one hundred and eighty, last year. This fact speaks volumes.

**License or no License.**—This question has been argued several days before the city authorities. In the Board of Aldermen it has been decided, by the casting vote of the Mayor, not to grant any licenses. The friends of temperance will everywhere hail this decision with joy.

**Shipwreck.**—The Liverpool packet *Anglo Saxon*, (Train's Line) was shipwrecked on her outward bound passage, on the 8th inst., at Duck Island. The crew and passengers were saved, but the vessel is lost.

**Temperance and Root Beer.**—A rectifying establishment at Brooklyn, N. Y., is said to have sold seventy barrels of whiskey, during the season, to a manufacturer of root beer. In view of this fact, the consistent total abstinence man will carefully examine his glass of root beer before he drinks it.—*Well-spring.*

It is said that the death of N. P. Ames, of Springfield, was caused by swallowing in Europe some portion of a preparation with which he had a tooth filled.

At Vienna, Dooly county, Ga., the court-house, with all the records connected with the clerk's and sheriff's offices, and \$11,000 of the sheriff's money, was burnt by an incendiary.

Rev. J. N. Merrill has sent Rev. Messrs. Peck, Smith, and Scudder, for libel, having signed a paper in reference to his expulsion from the Methodist church of Brooklyn, and the publishers of the Christian Advocate for having published it.

The President of the New England Bank, Boston, Philip Mallet, who for many years has been connected with that institution, has recently been proved to be a defaulter to a large amount, having expended the bank out of about \$100,000. He has discharged \$65,000, and left the city for parts unknown.

The President has issued orders for all the members of the Marine Corps in the U. S. to embark for the seat of war.

The barn and out-buildings attached to the house of Chas. Stearns, in Springfield, were burned to the ground on Sunday night last.

Mr. Wm. Dean, Easton, Mass., was killed upon the Boston and Worcester Rail Road on Saturday last, near the Brighton depot, by jumping from the cars when in motion.

The paint shop of J. W. Morgan, at Brimfield, was much injured by fire, on the 12th inst.



MAY, 1884.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the late lamented Willie Gaylord Clark. They breathe the very odor of Spring, and the touching tenderness of a sensitive and feeling heart.

The Spring's sweet buds all around me are swelling,  
There are songs in the streams, there is health in the gale;  
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,  
As that pure day-beams of morn' and eve;  
The dearest reign of old Winter is broken,  
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;  
Of Nature's revival the chorus—and a broken  
Of love, O thou spirit of Beauty, to thee.

The sun beacons forth from the hills of the morning,  
And flushes the clouds with glory and light;  
He welcomes the gladness and glory returning,  
To rest on the promise and love of the year.  
He walks with rich light all the hazy-breathing flowers,  
He wakes to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;  
He wakes to music the green forest bowers,  
And glides the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on its delicate pinion,  
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;  
A greeting to May and her fairy dominion,  
He pours on the west wind's fragrant sigh.  
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,  
The woodlands are singing, the heavens are bright;  
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,  
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Also! for my weary and care-laden bosom!  
The spells of the Spring time come no more;  
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,  
The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!  
When I list to the spirit, when I look on the flowers,  
They tell of the past with so mournful a tone,  
That I call up the throng of my long vanished hours,  
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading ether, from the limitless heaven,  
There have vanished an ethereal glory and gleam;  
To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,  
Which colored life with the hues of a dream.  
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keeps—  
I deem that a light as of old glows the wave;  
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleeps,  
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years has descended,  
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;  
But the sadness and sweetness of being are ended,  
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now.  
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping—  
There are those who have loved me departed from the day;  
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,  
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is thus that the glow of this present existence,  
It bears, from the past, a funeral strain;  
And it engulfs turns to the high-distant distance,  
Where the last bloom of glory will be garnered again;  
Where no milder the soft dawn-rose cheek shall flourish,  
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;  
Where pitiless Death no dark scripture can flourish,  
Or stain with his light the luxuriant Spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,  
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;  
I hear the clear anthem that rings through the heaven,  
I drink the bland air that calms the day;  
And if gentle nature, her festival keeping,  
Delights not my bosom, ah! I do not condemn;  
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,  
And my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sister JULIA C. WILEY, wife of Moses Wiley, and daughter of Edward and Jerusha Clarke, of Eastham, Mass., died Feb. 19. She was converted in early life, and lived a Christian to her close. Her death was sudden, but her "end was peace." Lovingly in her disposition, she was beloved by all with whom she was conversant. She has a left a circle of friends, who deeply feel their loss. But their loss is *her gain*. They mourn not as those without hope. May this unexpected, afflictive providence, be spiritually profitable to them. J. MACREADING.

Eastham, April 15.

CAPT. BLISH, died in Hallowell, Me., April 23, in peaceful hope of a blessed immortality. He had been a great sufferer for many years. Sister B. is sustained under the painful bereavement, by the grace of God, and an unwavering confidence that her loss is her companion's gain. Much might be said commendatory of the departed, but it is in accordance with what is believed to have been the views of Capt. B. that his obituary should be brief. His memory is cherished with lively interest and gratitude, by many besides his bereaved wife and seven children. Captain B. wished to have it understood, that he died in the firm conviction of the truth and excellency of Methodism, as it was before the commotions and agitations of the last ten years commenced. Hallowell, May 12. J. B. HURD.

Widow SARAH BRIGHAM, died in Barnard, Vt., Feb. 12, aged 83 years. Sister B. experienced the salvation of the gospel, under the labors of Rev. Joseph Crawford, in the year 1800. She was a worthy member of the M. E. Church about forty years, during which period her house was the home of the way-worn traveler. Such was her deep, uniform piety, that she exerted the most happy influence around. Her language in health, and during her last sickness, was, "O, how precious Jesus is!" I enjoyed the privilege of seeing her the day before she left for the church triumphant, and found her in possession of all religion is designed to bestow in this life. Barnard, May 8. C. FALES.

Widow MARY BARNES, died in Templeton, Mass., April 17, aged 44 years. Her death was caused by a shock of palsy, which deprived her, as in a moment, of the power of speech. But her practical, consistent, Christian life, had been one continued testimony of the power and blessedness of the religion of the gospel of Christ. Death came suddenly, but he found his victim ready. The church has lost a pious, praying member; the family, a devoted, affectionate, and faithful friend. May they meet her in the kingdom of God. S. PUTNAM.

Rutland, Mass., May 11.

Sister PHEBE A. WEBSTER, died in Hooksett, N. H., April 26, of consumption, aged 36. We do not that sister Webster, for some time past, had been preparing to exchange this world for a better. In sickness she was patient, in death resigned. She has left many friends to mourn. God bless the afflicted. C. HOLMAN.

Hooksett, May 3.

she talked freely of her departure, affectionately and earnestly entreated her two children to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and repeatedly assured her afflicted companion and others, that all was well. The last time that I saw her, it was evident that she soon would leave us. I asked her if the Savior was precious; she replied, "He is precious; he is precious to me." Soon after, she bid this earth adieu, to join the celestial hosts who surround the throne of God. Holliston, May, 1846. LURAN BOYDEN.

Mr. JACOB NEWELL, JR., died in Saugus, Mass., May 6, in the 50th year of his age. He joined the M. E. Church, at Lynn Common, prior to the year 1825, and when, at this date, the society in Saugus became a separate charge, he was one of its original members. His life was a beautiful illustration of the meekness, gentleness, and consistency of the Christian character. To his family, his death is a deep affliction. By the church and town, in both of which he held official stations, his loss will be severely felt, and long regretted. "The memory of the just is blessed." I. A. SAVAGE.

May 17.

Sister HARRIET R. SANBORN, wife of Sewell Sanborn, died in Alexandria, March 24, aged 36 years. By this stroke, a husband and seven children experienced a severe affliction. She was a member of the M. E. Church, on probation, and we trust that our loss is her eternal gain. Alexandria, May 15. JOHN GOULD.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## ANNIE AND THE ROSES.

Annie Stephens lived in a small New England village. Her father's house was surrounded by green meadows, tall trees, and pure and gently flowing streams. Strangers often, when they were passing through the place, would stop to admire the beautiful scenery, in the vicinity of farmer Stephen's residence. The house itself was not, however, very attractive in its appearance. It was old, of a faded brown color, with two stories in front, and behind it sloped almost down to the ground. There was a well, with a long pole, at one end of which was a bucket, the other a large stone. This well stood at the back part of the house. In the front yard, there were two luxuriant rose bushes, which Annie was very fond of tending.

It was a beautiful sunset, in the latter part of the month of June. Annie was standing in the yard, gathering roses to carry to a young girl who was sick in the neighborhood, and as she filled her apron with the beautiful and fragrant blossoms, she repeated in a low voice,

"We love the flowers, the gentle flowers,  
Wherever they are found;  
And therefore, God has scattered them  
So lavishly around."

Just at this moment her brother James came from the house, into the yard, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, said—

"And so, Annie, you are at your roses again, as usual; I believe you love these bushes better than anything else in the world. I really think you spend half of your time with them."

"That is one of your extravagant assertions, James," said Annie with a smile.

"It may come a little short of being the 'whole half,' as Willie says, but I am sure it is a large proportion."

"Well, I don't deny my fondness for flowers. I think they are among the most beautiful of God's gifts."

"But I wish you to leave the bushes now, and go into the house; I have something I want to show you."

Annie readily complied with her brother's request, and was surprised to find a tea-table set, standing on a table, in a neat flower pot. James had purchased it the day before, for his sister; but it had been brought to the house only a few minutes before.

From that time, it would have been a difficult matter to decide whether Annie's attention was most occupied by the rose bushes in the yard, or by the tea-table in the house.

## THE VELOCIPED.

George is a little boy, seven years old. He lives in Brooklyn, near the great city of New York. One morning, when his father was going over to New York, he took George with him. When they arrived at New York, his father stopped in a shop in Broadway, where he saw a number of velocipedes. All the city boys know what I mean; but some of my readers who live in the country may need to be informed, that a velocipede is a little wooden horse, something like a rocking horse; but instead of rockers, the velocipede has wheels; and by turning a crank, a little boy who sits upon the horse, can wheel himself along the sidewalk at quite a rapid rate.

George's heart bounded with delight, when his father selected and paid for one of these velocipedes. He had long been wishing for one, and his father had promised that he would buy one some time when it was convenient. George had almost begun to fear that his father had forgotten his promise, but still he did not cease him about it. He honored his father and mother, and he did not wish to be troublesome to them.

You may imagine what delight George took in trundling his horse up and down the nicely paved sidewalk before his father's house. Morning, noon, and night, found him out with his velocipede. But he was careful not to be out so long as to be late for school.

"Well, my son, you have been taking a long ride to-day," said his mother one morning, when he came into wash before starting for school.

"No, mother, I have not been riding all the time," replied George. "I lent my velocipede to Abraham Dexter."

Abraham Dexter, a boy a little older than George, was the son of a widow in the neighborhood, who washed for George's mother. She was very poor, and unable to provide many comforts, much less pleasures for her children.

"I am very glad," said his mother, "that you had such an opportunity of doing good."

"Doing good!" repeated George, inquiringly, as if he did not quite understand how this was doing good.

"Yes," said his mother, "why should I not say doing good? Tell me what you call doing good."

"Why," said George, "I call it doing good, when you and aunt Maria visit poor people, and talk to them, and give them tracts, and clothing, and food."

"Those are some of the ways of doing good," replied his mother, "but there are a thousand other ways, and I hope you will every day be hearing of new ones. You cannot distribute tracts, and you have no money of your own to give the poor; but if you make a poor little boy happy by lending him your playthings, or by speaking a kind word to him, that will be doing good. Did not Abraham seem very much pleased when you offered him your velocipede?"

"O, yes, mother, he was delighted when he found I was in earnest; at first he thought I was only making fun of him."

"I suppose," said his mother, "that he very

seldom has any playthings of his own; and so far from lending him theirs, I believe some of the boys in the neighborhood are very unkind to him."

"O, yes, they call him all sorts of names, and tease him every way they can. Yesterday one of the boys knocked off his hat, and the other boys kicked it about the streets, and Abraham went home crying."

"How very cruel, and how very wicked, so to ill-treat a poor little fatherless boy! How I should be grieved, if your father should die, leaving him poor, and unfeeling boys should be so unkind to my little George, because he was obliged to wear shabby clothes. The Bible says, do unto others as we would that others should do to us; and it also says, 'Be kind to one another.'"

"But, mother," says George, "I do not think that Abraham is always a very good boy. He plays truant sometimes."

"I am very sorry to hear it; but that is no reason why we should not be kind to him. The Bible says we must do good to all. We are commanded to do good to the worst of people, remembering that our Father in heaven maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. If God should grant us favors only when we are good and obedient, we should be wrecked and destitute. It was for a world lying in wickedness, that our Savior shed his precious blood; and it is only for his sake, that God bestows upon us any favor or mercy. We deserve nothing ourselves, but to be punished for our sins. But come, my son, now run off to school, and see how much good you can do there."

"To school, mother! Why I must study my lessons there; and Miss Eliot does not allow us to talk."

"No, but you can do good without talking;—if you learn your lessons well, and are careful to obey all the rules of the school, this will be doing good. It will save Miss Eliot the trouble of keeping you in order, and it will set a good example to all the other boys. When we are careful to do right ourselves, we very often do good to others."

George kissed his mother, and taking from her hand a little bouquet of pinks and roses which she had prepared for his teacher, he set off with a quick step and happy heart.—American Messenger.

PLEASANT INCIDENT.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools, a day or two since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows, but no clue of the offenders could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him in some remarks to the school to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys, in the streets, and at their sports. The principle of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere—even when alone, and when they thought no eye could see, and there was no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy arose in his seat, and said:

"Miss I—, I batted the ball that broke Mr. —'s window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school, as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for me to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat; "all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the same play. I'll pay my part!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—Bangor Whig.

## THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE POPE.

A letter writer in the Newark Advertiser, gives the subjoined description of the present Roman Pontiff:

Pius IX., as he has chosen to be called, will complete his 55th year on the 13th of May next. His appearance does not belie his age. His stature is, I should reckon, from eye measurement, about five feet six inches. He is not corpulent, nor is he emaciated by vigils, fasts, or duties, although I would not accuse him of neglecting anything which either his religion or government requires. Thus much for his body, which is one of the million that would pass unnoticed, were he a common man, there being nothing about it remarkable. The same cannot be said of his face, which would in any position be called striking. Dark brown hair, a little silvered, shades an admirably developed forehead. His complexion is dark, without being sufficiently so to mark him as an Italian. A constant smile about his eyes might be taken for mistaking, either as a token of benevolence or cunning. His nose cannot be better described than by saying that it is like a possessor—Roman. His chin is prominent and double. In his mouth I think we find his character written, for there is an expression of firmness and determination in the compression of his lips, which clearly manifest the man. Many, you know, proclaim their character by opening the mouth; but Pius appears to exhibit his by keeping it shut; an illustration of the truth of Carlyle's oft repeated saying—Speech is great, but Silence is greater.

His words as to his head-dress. The shaven crown of his head is usually covered with a skull cap, which sets so close to the skin, as to be scarcely distinguished from it. This is his usual head dress, although I once saw him walking in some state, with a low crowned, broad brimmed hat, of a red color, upon him. On some great occasions, he assumes the triple crown, but as in the case of other things, this is not often.

THE GODDESS GUNGA, OR GANGES.

A Christian missionary has described the sad scenes that are beheld by the side of this river-god. In one spot a wretched creature is seen in agony. The missionary offers some drink or medicine, to relieve the sufferer. It is refused.

"He is brought here to die," say those around him, "and live he cannot now!" In another place he sees some young men roughly carrying a sick female to the river. It is asked, "What are you going to do with her?" The reply may be, "We are going to give her to Gunga, to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven, for she is our mother!"

Here we behold a man and woman sitting by the stream, and as they rub their dying child with mud, they sing, "It is blessed to die by Gunga, my son. To die by Gunga is blessed, my son." There you behold another seated up to his middle in water. His friends are around him, some

filling his mouth with the leaves of a sacred plant; while others rub his breast and forehead with mud, on which they write the name of their god. A priest then completes the fatal rite by pouring mud and water down his throat, until he dies, murdered, it may be, by his own parents, by his brothers or sisters, by his own sons and daughters! This, is the opinion of the Hindus, is to die happily. If they are spoken to about the sin of these deeds, they cry aloud, "It is our religion! It is our religion! It is for the benefit of the soul!" Surely the shores of the Ganges belong to the "dark places of the earth," which are full of the habitations of cruelty." Ps. 74: 20.

Many deluded worshippers of Gunga drown themselves in the river, in the vain hope that they shall be happy after death. When a man has made up his mind to drown himself he goes on a role, and places a crown on his head. Then sitting down by the side of the river, he repeats the name of his idol, perhaps many thousand times. He then goes with a brahmin in a boat, which is rowed into the middle of the stream, with a supply of cord and water-pans. He steps into the river, and the pans are now tied to his neck and shoulders; and while they remain empty they keep him afloat; but soon his friends who are in the boat, begin to pour water in the pans, or he may do it himself, and then a little more; as he floats with the stream the pans are gradually filling, and in a moment, they suddenly overturn, and sink from the weight of water, and down they drag the victim to the bottom, amid the joyous shouts of his friends!

## PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh, of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night, but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle; when the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be more easy for him. A heart disengaged from this world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us.—Boston.

## ASIATIC CHOLERA.

The distresses of Europe are causing us to forget the scourge of Asia. The famine in Ireland and Scotland seem to be at our very elbows. Men, women, and children, speaking the same language with ourselves, are dying by thousands for lack of bread. And the end is not yet. Without the merciful interposition of Providence, this work of death may go on for many months. Let there be another harvest like the last, and who will venture to forestall the scenes of the coming year?

But let us turn for a moment to Central Asia, and watch the progress, slow but resistless, of the king of terrors, in another form. Early in 1846, it was announced that the cholera had commenced its ravages in Khokan, later, Orenburg, and Persia. About midsummer it reached Toheran, where it swept off ten thousand souls in a few weeks. Going out of this centre of influence and power with a divided force, as from a conquered capital, it took the great roads North, South, and West, spreading desolation and woe along its course. Soon it lays Isphahan under contribution—Bagdad is compelled to yield up seven thousand of its inhabitants, and in the whole pathos, thirty thousand fell before their relentless foe. Tabreez was spared till the 7th October, but then it paid dearly for its reprieve. In forty days, nearly seven thousand souls were hurled to the grave. Three weeks later, Orenburg was smitten by the hand of the same fell destroyer, and two thousand persons shortly became the trophies of its power.

Here the disease was stayed in its westward progress by the mountains of Koordistan, but with the ready skill of an able general, it changed its line of march and proceeded South, scattering its deadly arrows on every side, and threatening very soon to find a practical pass to Asia Minor and Europe. Indeed, in watching the advance of this formidable enemy, we have been constantly reminded of the tactics of war. It is careful to seize the roads for its lines of communication. It moves forward with solemn and measured tramp, as if in no haste, and yet sure of success. It attacks the great centres of business, as being the stronger points, which are in no case to be left unassailed. When it enters the walls of a populous city, it moves along from street to street, and ward to ward, as if treading upon the rear of a slowly retreating foe. In about forty days its work is done, and it emerges once more into the open country, and pursues its appointed journey.

And whither is it tending? Will it pause upon the sultry plains of Mosul? Will it stop its career of conquests under the walls of old Babylon? Or will it sweep over Europe, and finish the sad work which famine has begun?—And for us there is another question, more interesting still. Will the broad Atlantic arrest the march of this dreaded foe? In 1832 it proved to be no barrier. Will it avail us now? These inquiries are not propounded with the view of exciting premature and groundless fear, but that we may look the danger in the face, ascertain its nature and extent, and do whatever true wisdom may enjoin.—Boston Traveller.

## HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER.

None love you so much as they; none are so much interested in fitting you to act well your part, and none so anxious that you should be kept from the evil of the world in which you are, and in which you are to live. If you leave their roof, and go out from their counsels and advice, who will you find to fill their places? Who will nurse you more constantly when sick? Who will hear of your words and fair speeches, as you hear hoarded words and fair speeches, as you pass along in the sunshine and by pleasant places; but who, among all the herd will pity and befriend, and comfort, and sympathize with you, when the sun has withdrawn its shining, and the days of darkness have come, as an affectionate mother or a kind father? Let no distance hinder you from giving them a large place in your affections. No mighty continents, though they lie between you, should hide from the mind's eye their forms and their familiar countenances.—No rolling oceans should blot out the memory of their worth, or the remembrance of their kindness.—N. O. Protestant.

## TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

The word of God has been translated into one hundred and seventy-five of the languages spoken upon the earth. The whole number of languages and dialects into which the Scriptures were translated, are supposed to be about three hundred. This being the case, the work of giving the Scriptures to the nations of the earth, in

their own language, is already more than half accomplished—and the work is constantly advancing. Every year new materials are gathered, additional knowledge is acquired, and the work hastened on towards a successful completion. And if this work shall be continued, it requires no great stretch of faith to see the day when it shall be fully accomplished; when the Bible shall be within the reach of every nation and tribe under the whole heaven, so that they may read the wonderful works of God in the language in which they were born. May God speed the labors of his servants, and hasten the coming of such a day.

## THE LATE EZEKIEL COOPER.

From the following legal decision, it will be seen that the will of the late Ezekiel Cooper, so far as the legacy of \$300 per year for the benefit of the superannuated and worn-out Preachers, &c., is concerned, is not valid, and that this legacy has therefore failed, in consequence of the neglect of legal formalities by the testator.

## REGISTER'S COURT, MAY 1.

BEFORE JUDGES KING, PARSONS, LELLEY, AND REGISTER ALEXANDER BROWNE.

RE. EZEKIEL COOPER'S WILL.—The matter before the Court was an appeal from the decision of the Register, refusing to admit a writing to probate, which was attached to the will, and intended as a codicil. In the will a specific bequest was made of ten annual ground rents, of thirty dollars each, to the chartered fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the benefit of superannuated and worn out preachers." By a subsequent item in the will it was provided that the ground rents only shall go to the chartered fund; if any failure should happen in the bequest, it was not to be made out of his estate. It appears by the account of the testator in the will itself, that it was his practice to carry it constantly with him, adding to it as circumstances required, and signing his name at the bottom of each page. The will closes formally with the appointment of executors, and is signed and witnessed.

This was admitted by the Register, and letters granted thereon. After the part admitted to probate, and upon the same page, a codicil is commenced, in which the testator recites the former bequest of ground rents to the chartered fund, the principal of which was \$5000; and states that the same were sold by him. Here the bottom of the page being reached, the testator's name is signed. Upon the next page, notice is taken by him that the legacy to the chartered fund will fail in consequence of this circumstance, and the proceeds of the sale are bequeathed instead to the chartered fund, for the same purposes, as mentioned in the will. The intended codicil then concludes with a revocation of former wills, so far as they do not agree with his will and codicil, and the Rev. James Smith is appointed executor in place of another, whose appointment is revoked. Unfortunately this codicil, although in Mr. Cooper's hand-writing, is not "signed at the end thereof," as required by the Act of Assembly. For that reason the Register refused to admit it to probate. The court affirmed the decision of the Register, the words of the act of assembly being plain and precise—it was intimated that the fact of the testator's name being signed to a part of the codicil was not sufficient, unless it was at the end;—in this case it could make no difference—as there was no devise in that part of the codicil upon the page to which the testator signed his name. In consequence of this unfortunate circumstance, the bequest for the benefit of superannuated preachers will entirely fail. Perkins, and F. Curran Philpot for appellant; E. D. Tarr for appellee.

## THE SHILLING AND THE GUINEA.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Some time ago, the Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his place the following morning. According to agreement, the cow was sent, and the Duke happened to be in disabill, and walking in the avenue, espied a little fellow effectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him—

"Finnom, come here an' gin's a han' wi' this beast!"

The Duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending therefore not to understand him, the Duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance; at last he cried in a tone of apparent distress—

"Come here, man, an' help us, an' sure as any thing I'll give you half I get!"

This last solicitation had the desired effect. The Duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?"

"O, dunnam ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something for the folk up by the house as are as good as bodies."

As they approached the house, the Duke darted from the boy and entered by a different way. He had called a servant, and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy that has brought the cow." The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's the half of it 'y'."

"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, "as sure's death, that's a I got—and d'ye not think it's a plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke; "there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return, I'll get you more."

"The boy consented—back they went—the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy, "point me the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke interrupted him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his own expense.

## TOUCHING STORY.

The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Schnelly, of Maryland, at a recent meeting held in New York, to hear the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard, who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall—anguish was knowing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appa-

petite, his lovely wife and darling child. Morsel and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed; and that little babe, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiseled statuary, slowly repeated